

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



Commencement Number, 1928



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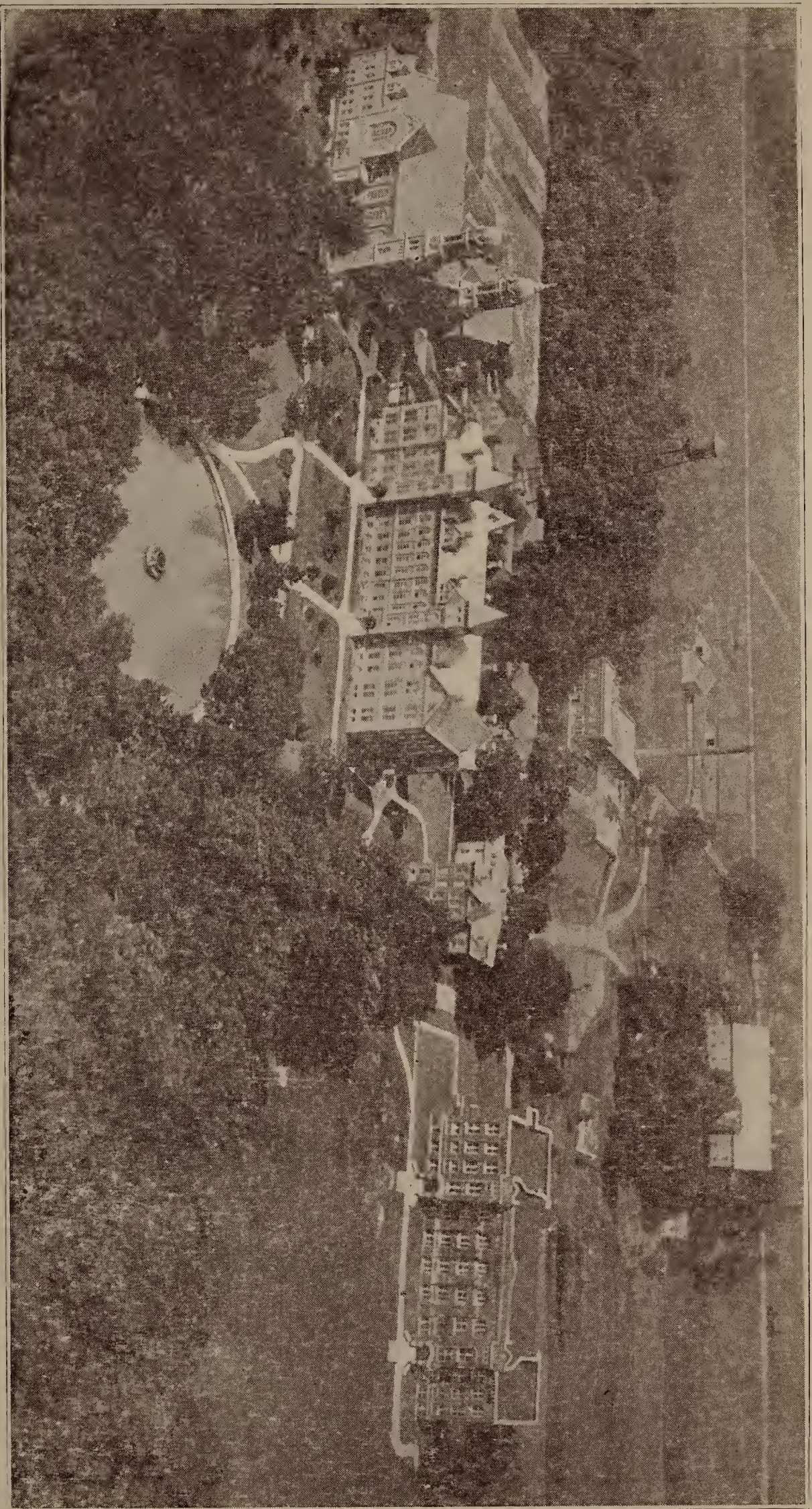
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Dedication

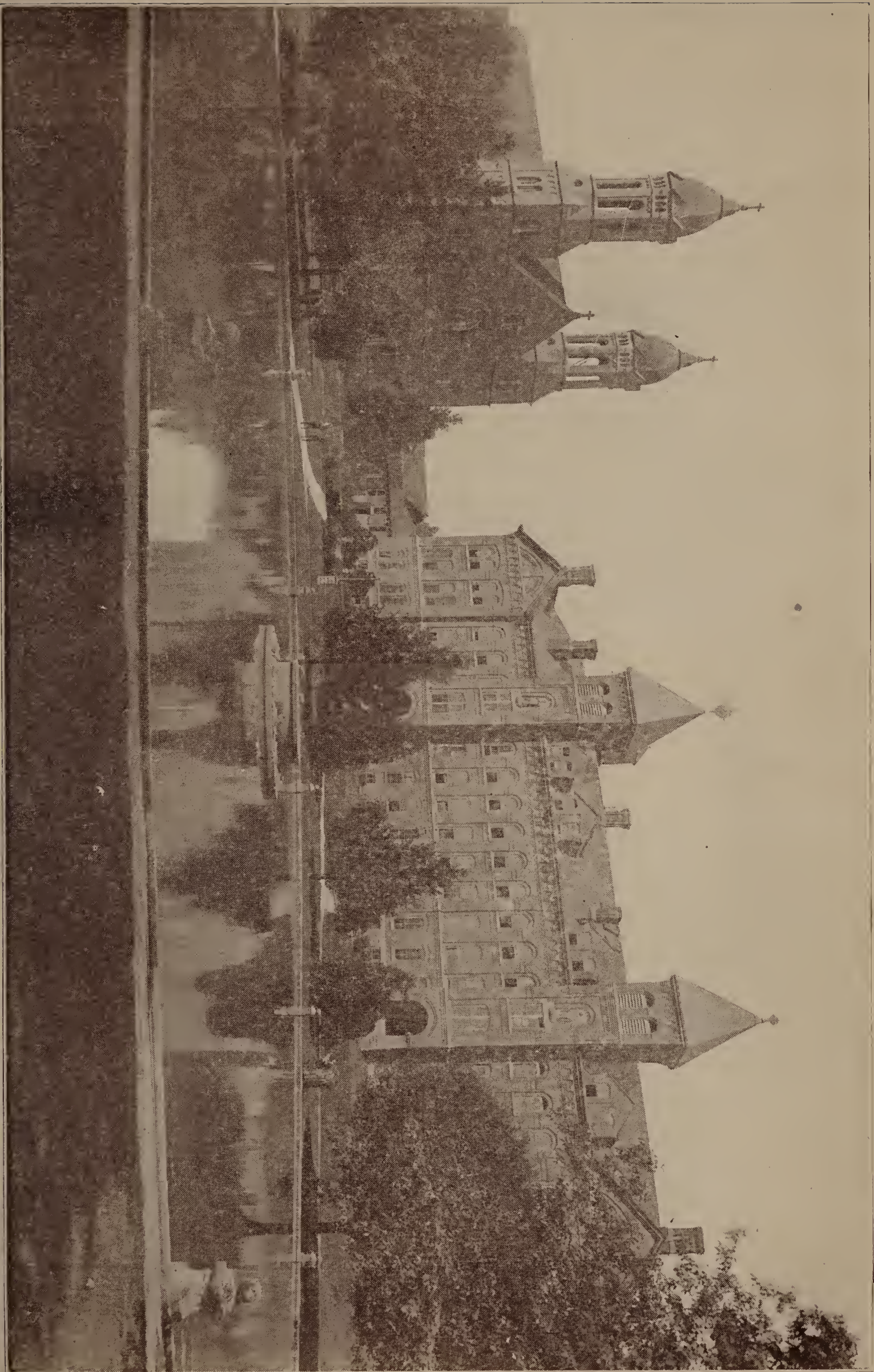
As a slight token of gratitude and appreciation, the class of '28 affectionately dedicates this final issue of the Collegian to Father Sylvester Hartman. Like so many of their predecessors, the members of the class of '28 under the guidance of Father Hartman have learned to respect most highly the whole-hearted efforts of one who viewed all their activities with deep interest and eager expectancy; who encouraged every step of progress with genuine ardor and who averted retrogression by constant and careful guidance; who spent his every effort in their behalf. But Father Hartman has been more than a professor; not without reason have his outstanding personal characteristics merited for him a little sanctuary in every heart. His kindness tempered with conscientious endeavor has been a veritable charm; a radiance in whose light budding characters have been moulded into a minute replica at least of a cherished ideal; a star whose unfaltering ray offered safe guidance in young manhood and encouragement when personal hopes and aspirations were shattered. His generous consecration of the gifts of mind and heart to the cause of Catholic education, to the purpose of laying the foundations of genuine character and knowledge, of staunch conviction and manliness, constitutes the secret of his success.

You, dear father, the class of '28 regard as a most potent factor in the success which they enjoy; their esteem and gratitude, however, is but an insignificant reward for your noble influence. This, dear father, be your reward and pride: that the lessons inculcated by your confidence and courage, by your consistent devotion to duty, will be an unending inspiration throughout life. In the world of personal efforts, your influence is a glowing sun; on the pathway of life your high ideals stand forth as beacon lights in the panorama of personal ambitions; in the temple of memories is a shrine consecrated to our own, beloved Father Hartman.

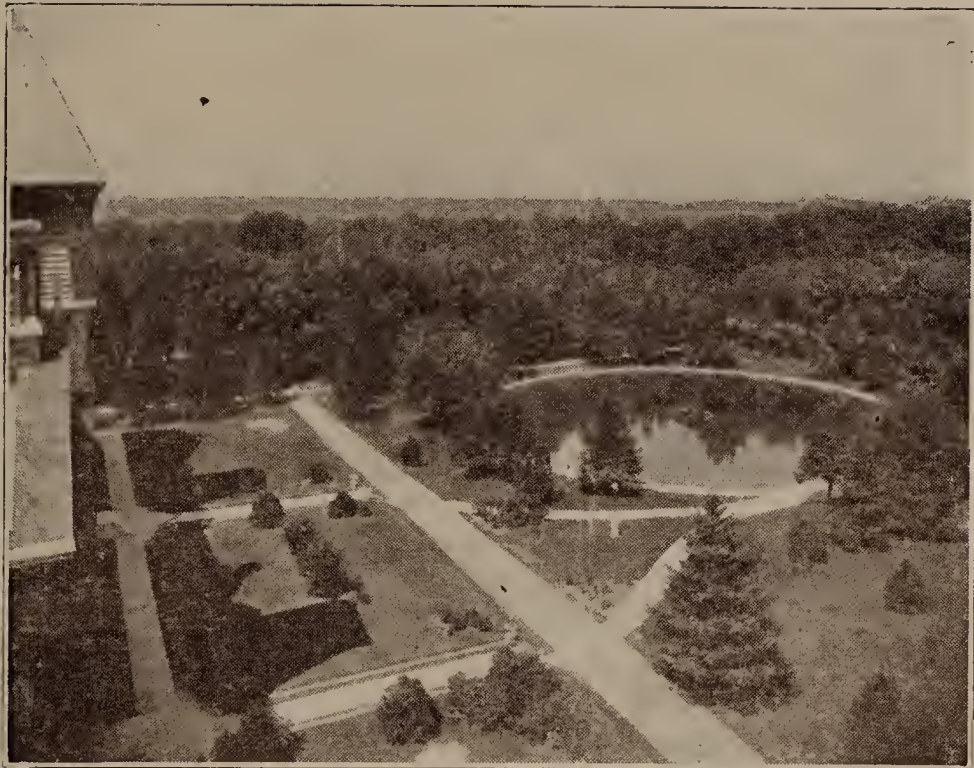




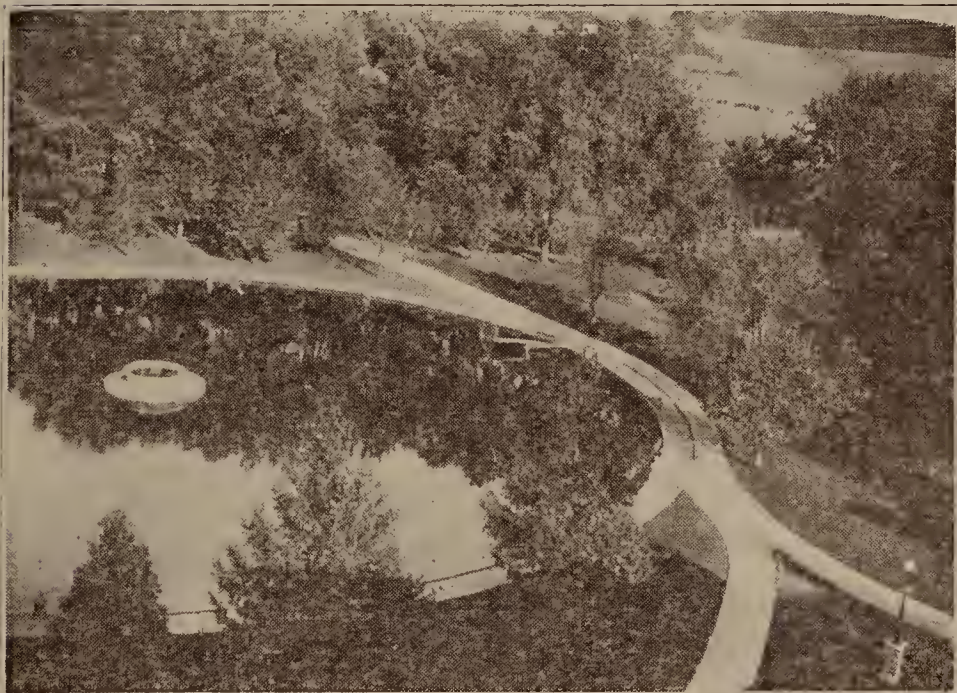
Bird's Eye View



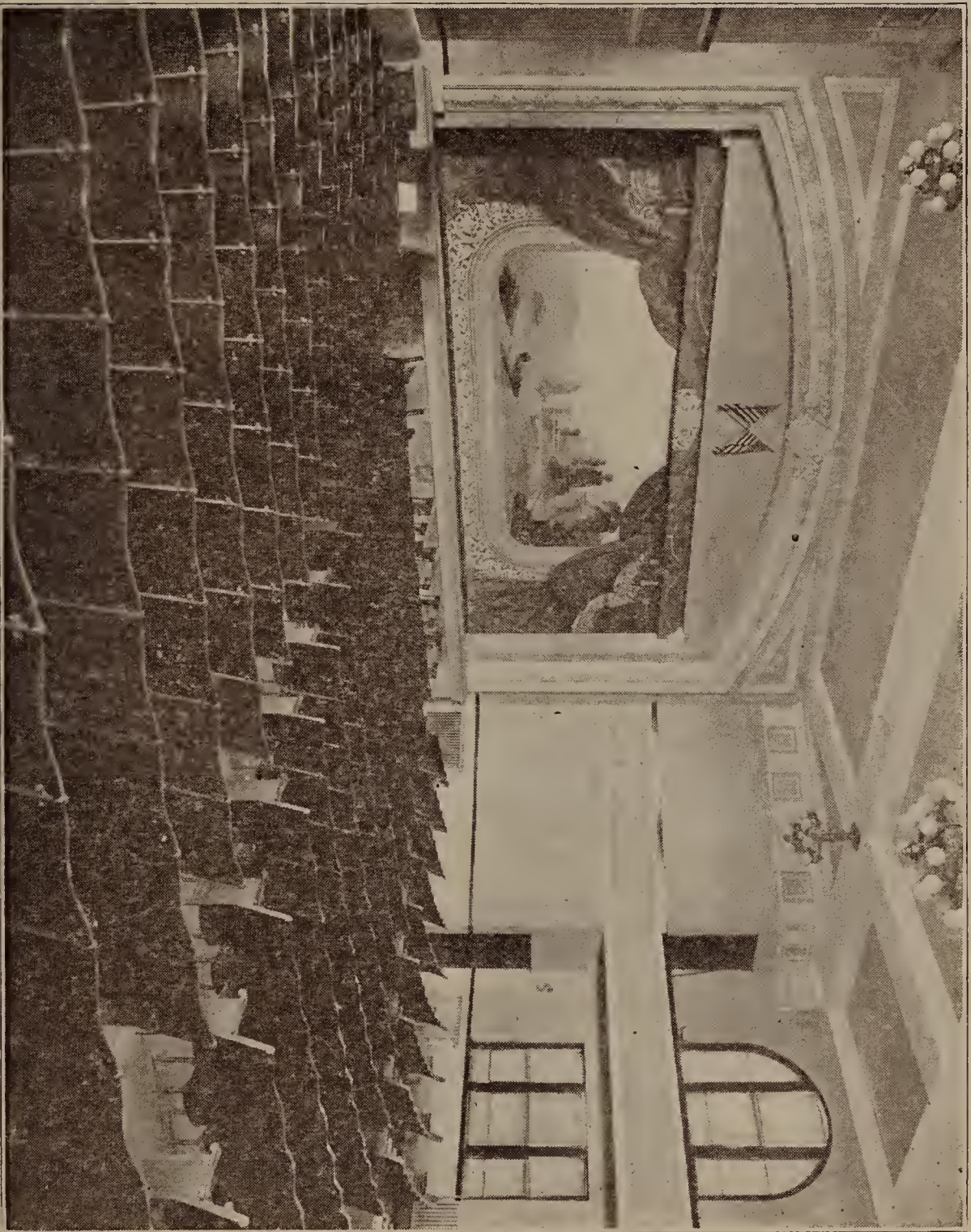
Chapel and Main Building



The Terrace



The Lake



Alumni Hall



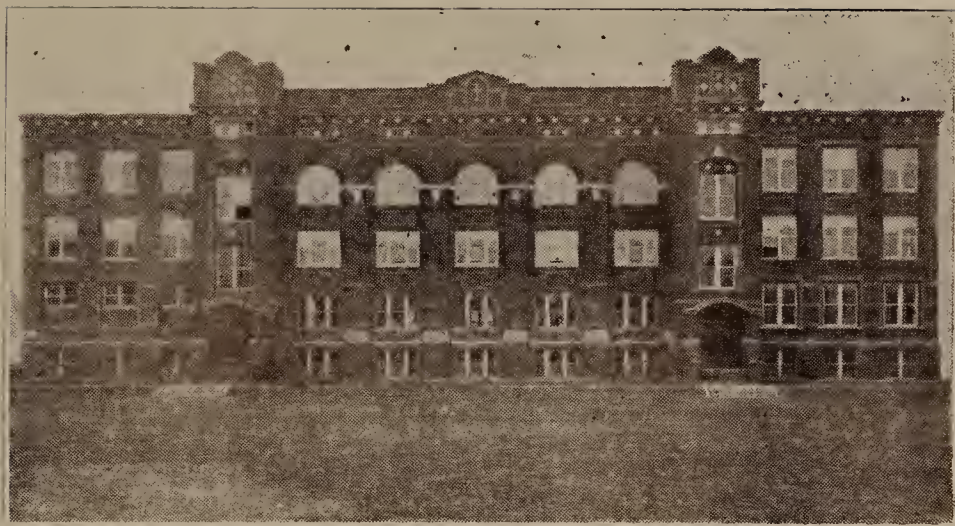
Library View



Lawn View



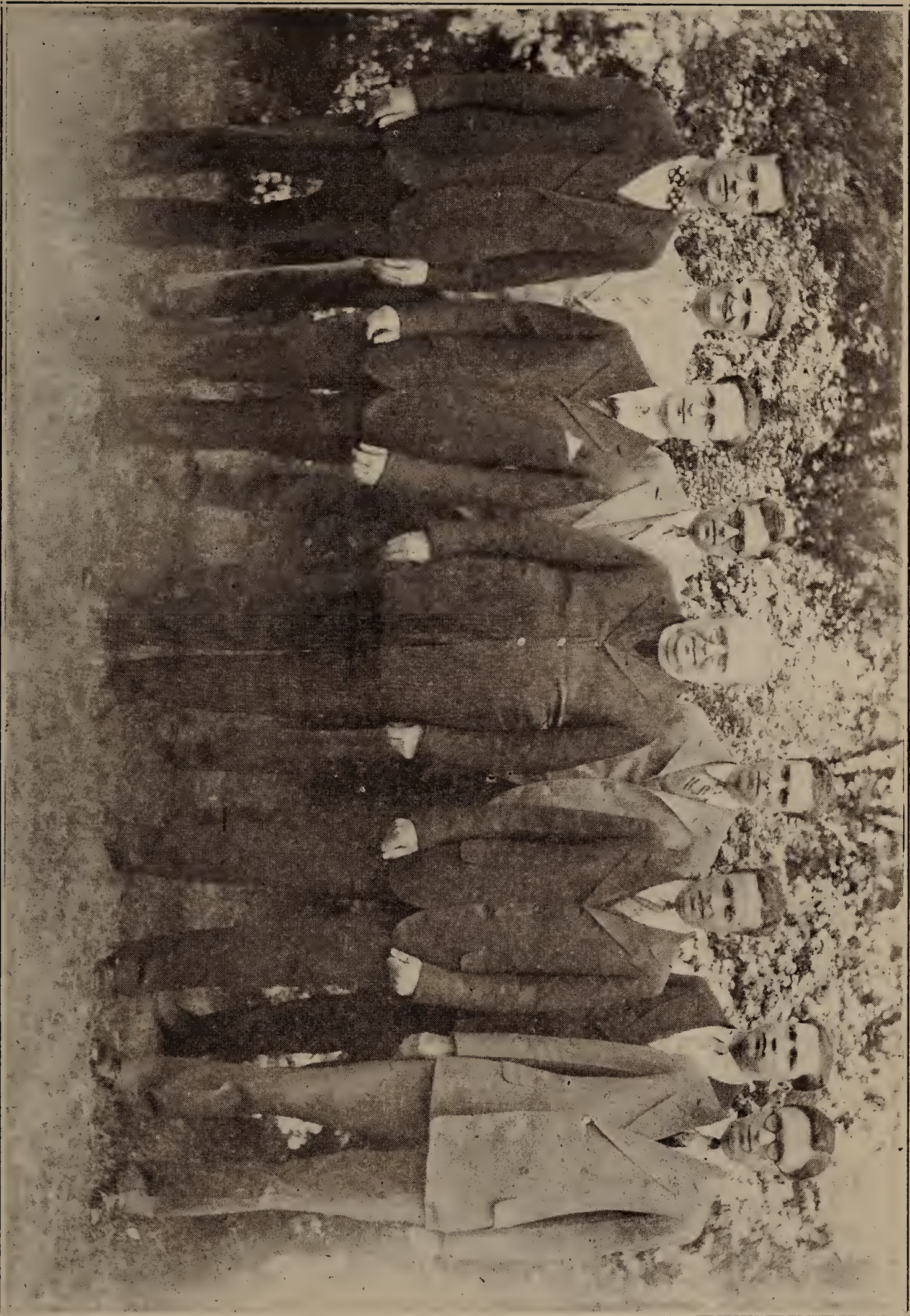
Main Building



Gymnasium



Campus



COLLEGIAN STAFF—'27-'28

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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Farewell Song

Farewell, sweet Alma Mater dear,
The time to part has come;
And o'er all falls a sadness low
As shade, when day is done.

Through many days you've taught and loved
The charge you now dismiss;
Their hearts still young you've shaped and
formed,
That were at times remiss.

But now they know and understand
The value of your care,
The tender love and guiding hand
That are your treasures rare.

So ever in their memory
A place you'll hold secure,
Whatever be their triumphs great,
Your love shall e'er endure.

Farewell, sweet Alma Mater, fair,
Enduring be your love,
And lead them by your beacons bright
To heaven, their home above.

Marcellus Foltz, '28.

The Relation of Chemistry to Health and Disease

ALUMNI ESSAY CONTEST

First Prize

Joseph Hartmann

Since the earliest days, when chemistry was known as the Black Art, this science has not been at a standstill. Science is like human life; not static but dynamic. Although the beautiful arts such as literature, painting, and sculpture were developed and studied during the Middle Ages with evident success, yet during these centuries the exact sciences, mathematics, physics, chemistry, and medicine were comparatively unpopular. With the advent of printing, however, opportunities for advancement in all directions burst forth like bits of a shrapnel. The principles, both false and true, which had been discovered by the alchemist demanded long-denied attention. Untrue theories were exploited to the disgust of the old chemists. Illustrious men such as Albertus Magnus, the originator of the theory of affinity as the cause for the combining of metals with sulfur, assisted the growth of the science of chemistry. The scientific revolutions brought about by Roger Bacon's gunpowder, and the analytical experiments in medicine and chemistry combined, aided in giving this science a better name before the public.

As far as chemistry is concerned, the sixteenth century was one of restless adventure. Like Magellan, chemistry circled the scientific world giving the impetus wherever development was feasible.

That century experienced what is at present most necessary; a more complete plan, namely, for the joint study of chemistry and medicine in universities. So intimate was the connection between medicine and its sister science that Paracelsus exclaimed: "The true purpose of chemistry is not to make gold, but to prepare medicines." Hence many useful panaceas were placed on the market.

The three centuries following saw the rise and fall of the phlogiston theory of combustion. Much oil and many candles were used by Black and Cavendish in defending their claim. Upon their death, Priestly, who unknowingly discovered the very cause of the downfall of his pet hypothesis continued to argue in terms of phlogiston until his demise in 1804. The Father of Modern Chemistry, Lavoisier, whose life was cut short by Robespierre at the time of the French Revolution, overtops all the chemical scientists that preceded him and many who have followed him. His was the intellectual acumen required to interpret the results of experiments in a manner which led to the discovery of new laws and their fixation. The period of time which comprehends the latter decades of the nineteenth century and the first two of the twentieth, coming after an age which reaped the harvest of the sixteenth century developments, marks the branching out of new phases of chemistry which are now manifesting their effect by bringing into light new compounds for the preservation of health and mitigation of disease.

Opportunities for the application of the principles of chemistry in order to preserve health are well-nigh limitless. Some people have taken advantage of this knowledge. Many homes either use commercially purified water or have private systems, be they distilleries, ozonizers, filters, disinfectants or

ultra-violet lights. Ventilation, an increasingly competent knowledge of which is becoming more common, belongs to the realm of physical chemistry. If domestic brewers would study the chapter of chemistry which treats of fermentation, our compulsorily weak liquors would have better flavors at the very least. Scientific agriculture, in place of the haphazard work of former days, is increasing the fertility of the soil as well as the quality of the foods produced and thus directly affects our health.

Chemistry is concerned with food production and the science of medicine with equal interest. Life is one huge complicated mass of chemical reactions and physical changes. Since medicine is directed towards the abolition of disease in the body, it must needs work hand in hand with the chemist and physicist.

As was mentioned previously, there was an age when man joined medicine and chemistry in a marital bond. Like so many people, however, they were divorced. During years of peace they remained separated. But when an enemy mercilessly sprayed our valiant lads with poisonous gases, it was then that our government joined chemists with physicians who understood the reaction of the organs to disease germs. The chemist and his colleagues worked under the same roof, conferred together daily in order to find preventives as well as specific remedies for the chlorine gases used in the trenches. Their victory was as complete as that of the boys in France. This is one case where success was attained when medicine and chemistry worked together. What could be achieved by more perfect and more extensive methods of co-operation between doctor and chemist might best be shown by an illustration of the possibilities and of the deeds already accomplished.

Humanity is now gathering the fruits which have accrued from the knowledge of the properties of certain compounds discovered by chemists. A few concrete instances may properly be noted here. In 1867 Dr. Brunton first used amyl nitrite for the relief of angina pectoris, a painful, suffocating disease of the chest. Cure was instant and permanent. Hemotropine had first to be stripped of some harmful properties; a new molecule had to be formed. But in the end the drug was a blessing to the optician since it relieved strain on the optical nerves during operations and at the same time provided a specific remedy for certain eye diseases. The chemist unburdened cocaine of its poisonous properties and thus gave medicine the beneficial as well as the local anaesthetics, beta-eucaine, procaine, etc. Surgery is making a rapidly increasing use of these new drugs since major operations can be performed with their aid, thus eliminating the necessity of poisoning the entire system by a general anaesthetic. Victories such as these inspire the soldier chemists to greater achievements in their battle against disease and pain. By testing proposed hypotheses, they are fighting for the democracy of good health in the home.

In the field of unaccomplished possibilities lies a new theory; a theory, namely, that certain mental disorders are increasing because we are ignorant of the particular effects of chemical substances on the brain. It is now apparent that some mineral matter taken in with our food finds its way to the head and there is the originator of harrowing maladies. The chemist with the close alliance of the doctor can possibly discover a specific preventive for these cases. Along with the certainty that the chemist will have greater success in medical circles when there is complete development of co-operative methods be-

tween physician and scientist, the chemist is broadcasting previously unknown analytical methods. In view of their accuracy the outcome can mean only one thing, greater success and progress.

At present there is but one factor that blocks the full success due to the energetic work of the chemist and physician during the last decade. Medical and chemical laboratories have been busy day and night. Until, however, chemistry and medicine are combined in a union as close as that of body and soul great progress will be barred.

The greater part of chemo-medical research work at the present is fundamental. Some analytical study is being pursued in the investigation of the formation and destruction of bacteria. Of late the molecular structure of drugs has attracted the attention of the pharmacist to the exclusion of other important divisions of his science. To prepare a drug whose molecule will be bereft of "habit-forming" as well as poisonous properties is the desired goal aimed at by the pharmaceutical chemist.

Germany for some decades has held the lead in co-operative methods between chemist and physician. Our own University of Chicago is in the initial stages of becoming a great school of medicine. It is to be hoped that when plans are completed the chemist will hold an important place in this school. Though the period is brief during which the practice of uniting chemistry and medicine has been tried, yet it has proved that this method is open to unknown, yea undreamed of possibilities. In this manner only can chemistry have its greatest beneficial effect on health, and in this manner only can chemistry contribute its share in reducing disease to the minimum. That chemistry does directly influence health and

disease is not disputed. If the Golden Age of Health is to be reached, the disciples of the laboratory and of the drugshop must join hands in a pledge of loyalty, fidelity, and confederation.

Peace, The Silver Lining in the Cloud of War

CONROY ORATORY CONTEST

First Prize

Edward Charek

Have people ever deeply realized what terrible disasters, what crimes, and what utter futility that little word "war" spells? This word has many meanings, aye, hundreds of thousands of them,—as many meanings as there are intellects in this world. To some men war means private gain, the acquisition of millions of dollars for themselves, while to others, it means disgust, catastrophes, unbearable sacrifices, and death itself.

How many heart-rending scenes were not witnessed and experienced when the call of war resounded through the streets of our country! To arms! To arms! ye brave! The avenging sword unsheathe! March on! March on!—all hearts must resolve on victory or death. During war a nation is conscripted; mothers must give their sons to battle; loving wives must sacrifice their husbands to the nation's cause in such a crisis; and the ones left at home must work beyond endurance in factories to produce war materials.

It often has made people wonder that our American boys who have gone through the strifes

and battles of the late World War, do not give utterance to their stories of woe and horror. Why do they not relate their heroic deeds and dangers, as well as their good times? Every soldier, on being questioned as to the meaning of the war, gives the same reply that General Sherman has given: "War is Hell!" It so happened that one of our patriotic boys upon returning home constantly refused to speak of his experiences at the front and in No-Man's Land. One day his father took him aside and rebuked him for his silence, but the father of the young man was completely astonished and upset by the story that now came to his ears. It ran similar to this: "One night I was on patrol in No-Man's land, and suddenly I came face to face with a German lad about my own age. It was a case of his life or mine. We fought like wild beasts, striking left and right with our guns and bayonets. I finally shot, and the poor lad fell to the ground at my feet severely wounded. He cried out, 'O kill me, and put me out of my pain!' Before long the angel of death took him as he whispered for the last time the tender name of 'Mother.' When I came home that night I was covered from head to foot with the blood of that poor fellow. We had no personal grudge against each other. He didn't want to kill me, any more than I wanted to kill him. That is war, Dad. I did my duty in it, I hope, but for God's sake do not ask me to talk about it." Were it only possible to impress the moral of this story on all peoples and nations! Are we not all of every nation essentially the same? Have we not eyes alike, hands, organs, senses, affections, passions? The birth and death, aye, the very thoughts and actions of individuals throughout the world are counterparts of one another.

What an immense disgust for war is not creat-

ed by viewing war movies or by reading "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The story here named gives a series of vivid pictures of war unsurpassed in the literature of present times; it gives a new viewpoint from which to see and feel war. On closing the narrative one must say with Rowe, "Righteous Heaven! Blast the traitor and his pernicious counsels, who, for wealth, for power, for the pride of greatness, or for revenge, would plunge his native land into wars."

Oh, what a rain of sorrows is falling upon the earth when the Four Horsemen begin their mad, desolating course over the heads of terrified humanity! Plague, the first horseman, comes mounted on a galloping steed of white, and is bending his bow in order to spread pestilence abroad. At his back swings the brass quiver filled with poisoned arrows containing the germs of all diseases. There flies the second horseman on his red, flame-colored steed! He is waving an enormous, two-edged sword over his hair bristling with fury in the swiftness of his course. He is War. Peace flies from the world before his furious gallop. The third horseman, bouncing up and down on the rawboned back of his black steed, is bald, old, and horribly skinny. Famine, the rider, holds in his withered hand a scale to weigh the maintenance of mankind. Death, the fourth horseman, dashes forth on his pale-colored horse. From his angular shoulders is hanging a ragged, filthy shroud. His cane-like arms are whirling aloft a gigantic sickle. His parchment-like skin betrays the lines and hollows of his skeleton. The front of his skull-like face is twisted with the sardonic laugh of destruction.

Poor humanity, crazed with fear, flies in all directions on hearing the thundering pace of plague,

war, hunger, and death. Men and women, young and old, are knocking each other down, and falling to the ground overwhelmed by terror, astonishment, and desperation. And the white steed, the red, the black, and the pale, are crushing all with their relentless, iron tread.

But ah! when the waves of the mysterious death-river moan no more, when the tramp, the shout, the fearful thunder-roar of red-breathed cannons, and the wailing cry of myriad victims cease to fill the air, then after dreams of horror, there comes again the welcome morning with its rays of peace. How calm comes on the stilly hour, when the storm is over, and the lion lies down with the lamb, and how beautiful is that triumphal arch, the rainbow of peace, that fills the sky, that canopy of state, not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold, but of a substance, though not animate, yet of heavenly and spiritual finish and spirit that only eyes of angels can descry! War leads to peace. As the dreary season of winter leaves behind itself all sullenness, and spring advances with all its splendor, all its birds and all its blossoms, and all its flowers and leaves and grasses, so peace follows in the wake of war. Once more the Heavenly Power makes all things fresh, and clothes the red-ploughed hills with a loving blue. In peace, the blast of war's great organ no longer shakes the skies with its brazen clamors, but fills the air with holy melodies of love, as beautiful as songs of the immortals. Since war must necessarily lead to peace, it must be true that in spite of its red and darkened hues, there is a silver lining in the cloud of war.

The Irish Story-Teller

ALUMNI ESSAY CONTEST

Second Prize

Cornelius Flynn

Through the mystical vale of life runs a silvery, crooning stream, which is known to the temporary inhabitants of the vale by the significant name of "Literature." Weary man, parched for knowledge, is prone to cast himself headlong upon the mossy margin of this sparkling stream, and slake his intellectual thirst with deep draughts from these cool waters. If man be keenly alive to the taste of those ambrosial waters he may distinguish a delicious Hibernian flavor permeating the limpid stream and filling the atmosphere about with a sensuously-beautiful aroma of commingled truth and wisdom—than which no heavenly incense is more delicately fragrant or delightful.

Whence come this twofold aesthetic delight? Man, an ever-curious animal, seeks the source, and soon he finds, modestly screened by the tall, graceful grasses of romanticism, a tiny, bubbling rivulet which winds in and out through the hills and heaths of "auld Erin," and whose banks are heavily crested with "the green little shamrocks of Ireland." Ever humming simple Irish "chunes," or whispering age-old Irish legends, or murmuring the praises of the lovely "auld sod," this rippling feeder flows on and on, until it finally refreshes and empties into the smooth-flowing River of Literature.

Man, exulting in his discovery, next seeks to know the name of this singing brook. After diligent inquiry, this, too, is ascertained. The peasants of

Ireland lovingly and respectfully designate this crystal stream by the title of "His Riverince;" but the literary world dignifies it by the august name of Canon Patrick Augustine Sheehan! Both names are singularly applicable, because "His Riverince" is but a modest, much-loved parish priest of Doneraile, while Canon Augustine Sheehan holds a unique and enviable position in the field of art and letters.

Patrick Augustine Sheehan was born in New Street, Mallow, on March 17, 1852. Having been ushered into the holy life of Ireland upon the feast of St. Patrick doubtless determined the child's baptismal name; while his own choice, as Father John Horgan tells us, "at a later epoch, feeling the Saint's influence, fell on the glorious son of St. Monica, whose praises he was afterwards to sound with great eloquence." Both Saints exerted a good influence upon the boy; and it was in imitation of them that he came to be so strong and lovable a character.

The boyhood days of young Patrick were reserved and solitary. The youth, as Shane Leslie tells us, "was intellectual, and his life was correspondingly lonely." In other respects he proved himself to be a normal, fun-loving Irish boy. Although delicate in health, and consequently unable to engage in active and strenuous sports, Patrick, nevertheless, loved to watch the boys at their play—especially fond was he of that grand old Irish game of "hurdling." Thus he grew up, unnoticed and unsung, but very much alive to all that went on about him.

As a young man, Patrick showed himself to be a hard-working student and a model seminarian. He was First at Maynooth College where he attended; and the delight of that particular honor is well expressed in "Luke Delmege," a work that really reads like an autobiography of Canon Sheehan's life, since

so many of his actual experiences are faithfully recorded in this production. Patrick's college life was quiet and uneventful, and "he escaped distinction during his Maynooth course so completely that, after he became famous, many who were almost his contemporaries at college refused to believe, or were slow to admit that he was ever a student at Maynooth." The old adage, "still waters run deep," applied to Patrick in a particular manner. In his quiet and unassuming way, he accomplished a great deal. A natural lover of books, Patrick early became an omnivorous reader, and he doubtless thumbed many a dusty volume in the sectional libraries of the college. Needless to say, he learned many practical lessons from his idolized authors. From Carlyle, as he himself tells us, "I learned the gospel of work." He was bewitched by Tennyson's dreaminess, enthralled by the greatness of Dante, and powerfully moved by the works of Browning. Poetry he loved with all the fervor of his Gaelic soul, and Father Tom Burke once said of him that he read poetry every day in order to gain as much sweetness and vividness as he could for his language in the pulpit. Being a true son of "Dark Rosaleen," Patrick loved best of all the old Irish love-songs and ballads:

Do you remember, long ago,
Kathleen?"

When your lover whispered low,
"Shall I stay or shall I go,
Kathleen?"

And you answered proudly, "Go!
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green!"

'Mavrone,' your hair is white as snow,
Kathleen;

Your heart is sad and full of woe.
Do you repent you made him go,
Kathleen?

And quick you answer proudly, "No!
For better die with Sarsfield so
Than live a slave without a blow
For the Green!"

From helpless infancy to mature manhood Patrick
heard such songs as this everywhere he went. No
doubt he himself sang with Ferguson:

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacean dubh O!

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow
barley ear,
Uileacean dubh O!

There is honey in the trees where her misty vales
expand,

And her forest patch in summer are by falling waters
fann'd;

There is dew at high noontide there, and springs
i' the yellow sand
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Dark Rosaleen did not reveal her beauty to this son
of hers in vain; he faithfully sang her praises in the
tenderest words. Whole-heartedly he re-echoed the
sentiment of Clarence Mangan:

"The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!"

The feats of the Irish Brigade were imprinted indelibly on his youthful mind, and his eulogies to that renowned band of Irish patriots are sincere and fine. Fearlessly he sings with Ingram:

“Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?”

Truly no red-blooded Irishman feared to sing such a song—even though it seemed to be a direct insult to haughty England. Patrick sang with all the ardor of love, because he loved those Irish martyrs; and he hated England with the innate hate of every Irishman toward the cruel tyrant across the channel. Patrick's love for his country was strengthened by his avid perusal of Erin's ballad literature; just as his love of God and the Church was strengthened by reading Thomas a Kempis' "Following of Christ," and the "Lives of the Saints." He was a contemplative lad, and would sometimes spend hours standing on the seashore, "watching the white-capped billows roll; and mentally singing accompaniment to the music of the waters." What were his thoughts at such times will never be known, but he was probably speculating upon the time when he would be received into the select band of Christ's "chosen ones."

Canon Sheehan was but three and twenty when he was received into the ranks of the elect. He was ordained in the Cathedral of Cork, on the famous Feast of St. Joseph's Patronage, April 18th, 1875. One of his earliest sermons was on "The Sanctity of the Church," and a happy circumstance was connected with that sermon. A very famous clergyman of the Established Church attended the sermon out of curiosity and he was so impressed with the clear reasoning and sincerity of the young Irish priest, that he joined the Catholic Church a few days later.

This blessed incident induced Patrick to fresh efforts; for now his life was a busy one—the time had come when frail hands

Were Powerful,

To shrive and sign, anoint and bless.

For now those hands had been consecrated to the service of God, and

All God and Man was in his care!

He was His guardian everywhere.

Canon Sheehan had labored in the vineyard for nearly fifteen years before he seriously gave thought to a literary career. In the meantime he had become an essayist of some standing; and about this time he published two delightful books of essays, "Under the Cedars and the Stars," and "Parerga," which, Father Horgan says, "are perhaps the best literary work that the Canon ever did." Influenced by the success of these literary masterpieces, he soon turned his attention to the writing of novels.

With the great store of anecdotes which he had laid up during the alert days of his youth, Canon Sheehan found it comparatively easy to write novels of Irish life in a graphic and altogether charming manner. His first great novel of the Irish Priesthood was an instant success. "My New Curate" (published in 1900) raised Canon Sheehan to a position in the world of letters which was unique. The quaint charm which Daddy Dan, an old Irish priest, lends to the story, is the secret of its success. In this book, the author "revealed himself to be a master of a singularly pure, lucid and cultured English style . . . and a sympathetic portrayer of Irish life."

"The Blindness of Dr. Gray" is a delightful story; and it served a double purpose. It interested Canon Sheehan's readers and it conveyed Canon Sheehan's message to the Irish clergy. Canon Shee-

han detested charlatans and hypocrites; he despised drunkards and sycophants; he loathed money-slaves and immoral wretches; and in this novel he comes out strongly against the whole crew of them.

The author's interest in the Fenian uprising of '67 is readily evinced in "The Graves of Kilmorna." This story deals with an ardent young Fenian, Myles Cogan, and the vain attempts he made in trying to free the exhausted Shan Van Vocht of her shackles of slavery. Like many another young hero he was caught and sentenced to life imprisonment at Dartmoor, a British "hell-hole" for convicts. Then begins a life of hell on earth for Myles Cogan, and the handsome young patriot who entered Dartmoor at the age of twenty-five, emerges therefrom a white-haired, broken-down old man, when he is granted amnesty just a decade later. The hellishness of English prison-life is graphically portrayed in this stirring novel of unselfish sacrifice and devotion to the mother-country, Erin!

"Lisheen" is a novel dealing with the poor "milk and p'tatie-eating" Irish tenantry. The scenes of the story are real and vivid; and Irish suffering is sympathetically portrayed. In the "Queen's Fillet," Canon Sheehan treats his readers to a tale of the French Revolution. About this novel he wrote to a friend: "I have not spared the noblesse nor the Jacobin nor the Bourbon, trying to exemplify my two favorite theories—that injustice begets injustice; and that fear has been the cause of the world's greatest crimes." This passage, no doubt, gave the British conscience a twinge when it was first read, because it applies in great measure to the conduct of John Bull in Ireland.

"Glenanaar" perhaps depicts Irish life more genuinely than anything the author ever wrote. It is

tragic, but it is beautiful! The story deals with a young Irishman who accidentally discovers that his mother is the daughter of a hated "informer," as the Irish bitingly called those wretches of their own kind who betrayed them to the British for a handful of gold. The lad instantly leaves his father's house, without even a word of farewell to his broken-hearted parents whom he never sees again. So intense was his rage that he exclaimed: "If she had been a fallen woman morally, and had been raised by the consecration of marriage to a new and honorable life, I could easily have forgiven it. But here it was blood that was tainted, and I hated her as well as myself." It is the unforgivable sin in Irish history, and for this reason Judas is probably a more heinous figure to the Irish than Satan himself.

Few people are prophets in their own country. Canon Sheehan, however, clearly foresaw the destiny of Ireland and he unhesitatingly wrote of the Shan Van Vocht:

Thou shalt yet speak, and all the world will hear;
And all, with foreheads drooped, and downcast
eyes,
Shall haste to thy beck, O Sibyl of the Seas,
And worship thee.

Just at the height of his fame, Canon Sheehan was stricken with a fatal disease. Knowing that he had but a short time to live, he cheerfully set about writing a beautiful book, "Mariae Corona," in praise of the Blessed Mother to whom he had great devotion. "And at last, on Rosary Sunday, he passed quietly away. Catholic Ireland had lost one of its greatest sons."

Shane Leslie compares Canon Sheehan with many other Irish authors of note, but he exclaims

"that with all their popularity, their books are like candles and rushlights compared to the authentic but stormy sunshine of Ireland which here and there broke across the horizon of these novels of his." Here is a fitting eulogy to this simple priest of God, who lies—

"In the garden of death, where the singers
whose names are deathless,
One with another make music unheard of by
men."

The European War Debt

CONROY ORATORY CONTEST

Second Prize

Robert Koch

A recent meeting at Washington of many of the leading scientists and educators of the country was the scene of heated arguments regarding the much discussed war debts. Most of the opinions expressed were adverse to the war debt settlements effected by the American government with foreign countries. Some distinguished economists and publicists declared that Uncle Sam has played the Shylock in demanding settlement of the war debts. Is the United States in any way showing revenge by demanding payment of the debt? Can America be looked upon and criticized, like the Shylock of Venice, as being without mercy in requiring payment? No! Such a theory is based upon a misapprehension of facts.

That the war was a common cause has often been used as an argument for debt cancellation. After the truth is considered, however, it is evident

that such an argument is worthless. America entered the war only when she realized that she must either enter or be branded as willing to submit to any indignity; to purchase peace at any price. Besides, it must not be forgotten, the United States entered the war almost totally unprepared. She had no air force worthy of the name, no navy capable of the transportation of troops in safety, and an army utterly untrained for the kind of warfare it would have to wage. To maintain its national self-respect after repeated insult and attack was the reason the United States went to war.

By declaring war the United States made a very valuable and probably a decisive contribution to the allied cause, and it is foolish to maintain that it should be required to assume an additional burden of eight or ten billion dollars in order to relieve its debtors of a like amount. The World War was not, in its early stages, America's war. Every student of history knows that the war was the result of European rivalries and jealousies, the beginnings of which date back to the early part of the nineteenth century. It was a struggle which was "European in its aims and purposes, European in its conclusion and settlement, and into which America entered reluctantly."

It would be a great injustice, moreover, to peace-loving America to convert Uncle Sam's credit contribution into a cash contribution, for in case of cancellation would it not, perhaps, bring on temptations to another war? If the war debts would be cancelled Europe, perhaps, would use the money due America for military expenditures in preparation for another war. For, is any nation exempt from the temptation to gain fame, honor, glory, power? War certainly is akin to insanity and it surely is horrible to think

that some of the highest scientific achievements, the highest results of inventive genius are used for the massacre of mankind; for what is war but cruel slaughter? But war is within us, it does not come from without. It is a wrong development, a maladjustment of human nature. As long as the spirit of war dwells in the human heart, as long as hatred and greed and rivalry—the inherited spirit of the barbarians—exist, so long will they find expression in some form of war. And as long as men and nations fear war, or violence, or aggression, and believe that they have just cause for fear, so long will they continue to prepare measures of defense against such a real or imagined menace.

A report that the settlement of the war debt will impose an almost unbearable burden of taxation on friendly nations for the next two generations has been circulated as a fact by British government authorities. The taxpayers have been lead to contemplate the picture of their sixty years' enslavement—year after year, decade after decade, themselves, their children, and their children's children paying this vast debt to America. Such a picture is evidently false for it has been proved by the United States Secretary of Treasury, Mellon, that what the debtors of the United States will be paying to Uncle Sam will be considerably less than what will be paid them by their own debtors and by Germany in reparations. Can America then cancel the debt? Can Uncle Sam allow this debt of billions of dollars go unpaid?

Another point of war debt attack is the fact that America is rich and prosperous, while its debtors are impoverished. This is purely an appeal to sentimentality and to the charitable impulse of the

American people. The debtor nations point out the absurdity of a situation where the United States will receive most of the money paid by the Germans on reparations account, and they re-enforce their pleas by contrasting the wealth of the United States with their own poverty stricken state. But they are too proud to ask that the debts be cancelled out of charity. Should America, then, ask them to accept its charity? If it be insisted upon that the United States should cancel the debts, it should at least be clear that it is a matter of charity and not a matter made clear that it is a matter of charity and not a matter of right and justice.

The loans advanced during the war were not made on a business basis. No banker with half an eye of caution would have considered them. But to argue from this, as some people do, that the debt should be cancelled is to argue that because the American people have shown a measure of generosity, they have thereby obligated themselves to make an absolute gift of all the sums concerned. Gentlemen are often called upon to make loans to friends in distress when they could not secure assistance from banks. But it is doubtful whether even the most uneducated debtor has ever had the temerity to suggest that because the loan was not made on a business basis it is a moral obligation on the part of the lender to cancel and return the note.

The United States government guaranteed payment of the principal and interest on Liberty bonds, and if the borrowing nations do not pay off the money lent to them, who must bear the burden? Who must make payment of the principal and interest on the bonds? Indirectly the American taxpayer, now oppressed with more than enough taxes. One

of the many liberty bond posters distributed over the United States during the World War read as follows: "The owner of Liberty bonds can sell at any time and get his money back. The safest investment in the world because it is guaranteed by the United States government." Will we as American citizens allow the pledge of the government to Liberty bond owners to be invalidated? Put down as worthless? Can the spirit of America stand quiet to see the blot of a broken promise besmirch its trust in the government? NO! Public sentiment demands payment of the war debts.

GOD'S HANDIWORK

I love the birds, I love the bees,
I love the fruits and flowers;
The whisp'ring brooks, the white capped seas
I could admire for hours.

I love the softly-falling snow,
The gentle, pattering rain,
The zephyrs that o'er meadows blow,
The wild flowers i' the lane.

I love the blue sky overhead,
The pleasant-smelling sod;
I love things all, both great and small,
The handiwork of God.

Cornelius Flynn, '29.

The Class of 1928

Class Motto -----Non Sibi, sed Omnibus
 Class Flower -----American Beauty Rose
 Class Colors -----Scarlet and Silver Gray

Edward Charek Toodles Cleveland, Ohio

Various and successful dramatic characterizations.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Raleigh Club;
 Dwenger Mission Unit; Band; Orchestra;
 Red and Purple Melody Boys; Choir; Glee
 Club; Conroy Oratory Contest, first prize;
 Football; Basketball: manager; Tennis.

Leonard Connor Peanuts Parsons, Kansas

“You just wait till I get big.”

Newman Club; C. L. C.; Raleigh Club:
 committee member; Band; Orchestra; Foot-
 ball; Baseball: manager.

Harold Diller Lepus St. Anthony, Ohio

Ambition: To put Jess Crawford out of a job.

Newman Club: executive committee; C. L.
 S.: executive committee chairman; Dwenger
 Mission Unit; Raleigh Club: marshal; Band;
 Orchestra; Piano and Organ; Choir, assistant
 choir director; Glee Club; Quartet; Football;
 Basketball; Tennis; Class '28 decorating
 committee.

Marcellus Foltz **Sal** **Wapakoneta, Ohio**

Hobby: Caricaturing and chemical analysis.

C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Band; Baseball; Tennis; "Cheer"
Sport Editor; Assistant class artist.

Albert Frericks **Frex** **Minster, Ohio**

Pet phrase: "That's a sneezer."

Newman Club: critic; C. L. S.: marshahl;
Raleigh Club; Baseball.

Carl Gates **Skinner** **Princeton, Indiana**

Pet Phrase: "You big prune."

Newman Club; C. L. S.: executive committee; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Class Treasurer; Alumni Essay Contest, second prize; Tennis.

Thomas Grotenrath **Tom** **Cleveland, Ohio**

Hobby: Poetry.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit: marshal; Raleigh Club; Dwenger Essay Contest, class prize; Banquet Committee.

Joseph Hartmann **Boss** **Fostoria, Ohio**

Numerous roles in C. L. S. major productions.

Newman Club; C. L. S.: history committee, president, executive committee chairman; Dwenger Mission Unit: president; Raleigh Club: president; Football: "Reps", class;

Basketball; Baseball; Class President; Choir; Collegian, local editor; Conroy Oratory Contest, third prize; Alumni Essay Contest, first prize.

Caspar Heimann

Red

Massillon, Ohio

Hobby: Being busy.

Newman Club: vice-president, president; C. L. S.: auditing committee chairman, history committee chairman, critic, president; Raleigh Club; Football: manager; Baseball: manager, captain, "Varsity" captain '28; Tennis: class doubles championship, college doubles championship, '27; class committees; Choir; Alumni Essay Contest, first prize; Conroy Oratory Contest; Collegian, editor.

Cornelius Heringhaus

Sid

Ottawa, Ohio

The Athletic Manager with the winning smile.

Newman Club: president; C. L. S.: executive committee, vice-president; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club: treasurer; Band; Orchestra; Red and Purple Melody Boys; Choir; Glee Club; Football; Baseball; Basketball; General Athletic Manager; Class President, '28; Collegian, Sport editor. Salutatorian of class of '28.

Stanislaus Kasper

Polish

Huntington, Indiana

The man with the big heart.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Tennis; Choir.

Edwin Keefe Major Cincinnati, Ohio

"Let's get outside for a bite of ozone."

C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club.

Robert Koch Bob Cleveland, Ohio

Outstanding work in dramatics.

Newman Club: treasurer; C. L. S.: secretary, stage manager; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club: treasurer, president; Band; Orchestra; Red and Purple Melody Boys; Choir; Glee Club; Football: manager; Baseball; Class Secretary and President; Conroy Oratory Contest, second prize; Collegian, Business Manager.

Cyril Lauer Cy Toledo, Ohio

A good sport. Hobby: Singing to the Muses.

C. L. S.; Raleigh Club: marshal; Football: captain, coach; Basketball: captain, coach; Tennis: class manager, general manager.

Roman Lochotzki Tubby Oak Harbor, Ohio

Hobby: Being an energetic student.

Newman Club: treasurer; C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Basketball; Tennis; Conroy Oratory Contest.

Carl Longanbach Quincey Fremont, Ohio

An energetic worker.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Raleigh Club;

Dwenger Mission Unit; Class secretary; Football; Tennis; Alumni Essay Contest, first prize.

Charles Magsam Charlie Fort Wayne, Indiana

Music enthusiast. Hobby: Nature study.

Altar Society: secretary; Newman Club: secretary; C. L. S.: secretary; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Baseball; Basketball; Choir; Collegian, Societies and Alumni Notes.

Emil J. Meyer Spaghetti Wooster, Ohio

Pet phrase: "Who cares about that?"

Newman Club; C. L. S.. Raleigh Club; Football; Baseball; Basketball; Tennis; Band; Choir.

William Meyer Bottles Bloomington, Illinois

Hobby: Reading Macaulay.

Newman Club; C. L. S.: history committee; Raleigh Club: president; Band; Football: class team, coach; Basketball; Baseball.

Carl Nieset Needles Millersville, Ohio

Just a regular fellow. Pet Phrase: "All right there now."

C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit: chairman of the Peptomist Committee; Raleigh Club; Choir; Class Secretary; Basketball.

Joseph Norton Joe Lexington, Kentucky

Marked excellence in singing and dramatics.

C. L. S.: Chairman of Auditing Committee;
Raleigh Club; Glee Club; Choir; Basketball;
Tennis; Conroy Oratory Contest.

Joseph Reitz Joe Elyria, Ohio

Music enthusiast. Hobby: Poetry.

Newman Club: marshal; C. L. S.; Dwenger
Mission Unit: Publicity Committee, Chair-
man of Peptomist Committee; Raleigh Club;
Band; Choir; Orchestra; Baseball; Basket-
ball.

Arthur Schmit Art Delphos, Ohio

Hobby: Printing and painting.

C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh
Club; Artist and designer for class of '28;
gym class.

Joseph Shenk Joe Delphos, Ohio

Pet phrase: "Rats; go sit on a tack."

C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh
Club; Organ and harmony; Basketball; Base-
ball; Tennis.

Edward Siegman Spike Lakewood, Ohio

Hobby: To develop personality.

Newman Club: secretary; C. L. S.: execu-
tive committee, critic; Dwenger Mission Unit:
delegate to C. S. M. C. Convention, vice-

president, president; Raleigh Club; Glee Club; Band; Choir; Orchestra; Tennis; Exchange editor of the Collegian; Secretary of class '28; Conroy Oratory Contest; Alumni Essay Contest: third honors '26; Valedictorian of class '28.

Urban J. Siegrist Cataract Marysville, Ohio

Clarinet soloist par excellence.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Choir; Band; Orchestra; Football; Basketball; Tennis.

A. Theodore Thoben Ted Cincinnati, Ohio

The dramatic cop.

C. L. S.: executive committee; Raleigh Club: treasurer; Football; Football coach for second class; Basketball; Tennis: class champion team, doubles, '28.

Seraphim F. Widman Blitzen Fremont, Ohio

Just a good-natured fellow.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Dwenger Mission Unit; Baseball; Tennis.

Jerome Wolf Jerry Fort Recovery, Ohio

Hobby: Carving pipes and fixing watches.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Band; Baseball; Basketball; Football; Tennis: class manager, class doubles champion, college doubles champion, '27.

An atom, a nothing it lay in the slime, awaiting its
season to blow,
Unthought of; yet from the beginning of time, a
spirit was stirring below;
Above it the joyance of harvest was ripe, in forest
in furrow and sod;
It slumbered, yet throbbed with the instinct of life
and glowed with the purpose of God,
Till, blindly obeying the summons of doom, spring
called and it heard, and awoke
And, groping its way through the hard surfaced
ground, to beautiful blossom it broke;
Thrust up its green stalk from its dark bed beneath,
emerging a vision of white,
And bursting at last from its emerald sheath it
sparkled a spirit of light.
Then, won by its loveliness, led by its lure of wonder-
ful luster and grace,
A maid wandered by, with a heart as pure and
plucked it and gave it a place
At the feet of her God, on His altar to shine; and the
heart of the white rose was thrilled,
For it knew in God's service its lot was divine and its
beautiful life was fulfilled.
O Lord, as the rose doth its blossoms put forth, by
might of Thy purpose and power,
Doth start from the dust and the slime of the earth
and blossom in beautiful flow'r,
So up from the darkness and slime of this life, from
all things that clog and retard,
May blossom and bud forth my spirit sublime, the
sheath of the senses discard;
And reach and attain to the light of Thy face, as the
rose doth attain to the sun,
Obeying the glorious guides of Thy grace, till the
goal of perfection be won.

Spalding Miles, '30.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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Collegeville, Indiana

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Rev. Meinrad Koester, C. PP. S. ----- Faculty Director

THE STAFF

Caspar A. Heimann, '28 -----	Editor
Edward F. Siegman, '28 -----	Exchanges
Joseph I. Hartmann, '28 -----	Locals
Cornelius C. Heringhaus, '28 -----	Sports
Charles H. Magsam, '28 -----	Societies
Cornelius E. Flynn, '29 { -----	Associate Editors
Thomas J. Corcoran, '29 { -----	
Robert B. Koch, '28 -----	Business Manager

EDITORIAL

The present issue of the Collegian draws to a close the first year of its re-birth. With its contributions picked from the various contests which have been held at St. Joseph's College, the present number is, perhaps, in marked contrast with previous issues. It is the hope of the staff, however, that the import and interest in these contests warrants the selection of material which is set forth in this final issue of the Collegian.

At the conclusion of the year's work, the staff finds deep satisfaction in the thought that a sometimes arduous task is completed. Satisfaction, how-

ever, is mingled with regret in the realization that the joys and pleasures of their work are also at an end. Considered in resume, the year's work contains faults and shortcomings, but it is to be hoped that these mistakes will serve merely as a stepping-stone to the energetic and enthusiastic staff members who will follow. To them the present staff extends most cordial wishes for success. Your work, staff members of '28 and '29, will be a constant source of interest and eager enjoyment to your immediate predecessors. That outstanding success may ever attend your efforts is the parting wish and hope of the staff of '27 and '28.

The staff of '27 and '28 ask you, one and all, to glean from their pages the jewels of genuine worth; to pass lightly over the stains and blemishes that detract from the merit of the Collegian. That the work of the staff has been profitable stands without need of proof; that the staff members appreciate the opportunities and experiences they have reaped is likewise true. The Collegian of '27 and '28 bids you farewell. May your vacation be pleasant, overflowing with joy and happiness and good cheer. May the sunshine of peace and contentment guide your foot-steps in genuine and sincere pleasure—this is the wish of the Collegian as it bids you a reluctant farewell.

Library Notes

Although an emaciated purse or a lack of time may prohibit a motor or rail trip farther than the adjoining county-seat, a person need not think that on this account he is sentenced to a drab and colorless vacation. On the wings of books he can travel to

all parts of the globe—to all countries that ever existed, to places that might have existed, such as the Island of Mu, and to lands that were called forth from the depths of a perfervid imagination. Through books one can be on intimate terms of friendship, not only with great men of the present, but also with great men of all ages in the past. A vacation trip to one's town, city, or school library can easily be the beginning of the most enjoyable, and at the same time the most profitable three months that a student has spent away from formal study.

More and more in late years libraries and librarians have been striving to make people see how attractive the paths through bookland really are. Many libraries have added to their personnel a Reader's Adviser whose duties are to make the reader feel at home in the library, and to lead him to habits of purposeful reading. Insofar as is possible, the Reader's Adviser occupies the same relation to the library patron that a well-read—extremely well-read—and intelligent friend occupies toward another friend who wishes to get something out of books but is rather hazy as to how he shall accomplish his purpose.

As a further means to help those who are terrified by the imposing cliffs of books that meet the would-be reader's gaze so as to bring them almost to the point of giving up the hope of finding an opening into the land of books, the American Library Association has published its Reading with a Purpose Series. In this series, reading courses are outlined on such topics as the following: English Literature, American Literature, Modern Poetry, Modern Drama, The Essay, European History, American History, the French Revolution, Appreciation of Music, and Appreciation of Sculpture. As an introduction to

each outline of readings, there is a brief sketch of the subject written in a very chatty style that is readily understood. This introduction is followed by a list of books, which, if read in the order recommended, or more important still, if read in the manner recommended in the introduction, will give everyone an intelligent grasp of the subject and encourage him to further reading. The most appealing feature of the Reading with a Purpose Series, especially one that should appeal to those who have been subjected to nine months of enforced study, is that there is nothing compulsory about the course. Everybody is his own professor.

Before embarking on any reading course, those interested in books, as well as those who are failing to get as much as they should out of life because they are not interested in books, ought to read Alonzo Smith's "What Can Literature Do for Me?" After reading it, the booklovers will fall more deeply in love with books; and the other class will ask themselves why they never liked books before. The readers of this department of the Collegian should find "Books and Reading" by Brother Azarias, and Cardinal Newman's essay on Literature helpful in providing a sane background for their reading courses during the summer.

Reading in a semi-somnolent manner is hardly better than no reading at all. If you, who are brave enough to struggle through these Library Notes, read this summer, resolve to do your reading with both eyes open. When you come across an inspiring passage in a book, don't be satisfied to keep it to yourself. Try to use it in your conversation, write it in a letter; if you think you can write the author's thought in a better way, don't be afraid to do so. Interest your parents, your brothers, your sisters, or your

friends in the same books you are reading. (It is taken for granted that your reading is worthwhile.) Get into discussions about your favorite authors or books. If you bore your friends with book-talk and your parents, brothers, and sisters fail to become enthusiastic about your reading, the bibliomaniac who conducts this column will be glad to receive any bookish communications that you care to send him.

The finest thoughts, the noblest ideals of every nation have been expressed infinitely better in poetry than in any other form of literature. It is unfortunate, however, that poetry is the form of literature that the ordinary reader approaches with the greatest fear. Readers of this column should try hard to develop a liking for poetry during the summer vacation. The poems of Longfellow should be attempted first, and then those of Wordsworth. A nation without poetry is a nation without ideals; probably it is equally as disastrous for the individual to be without poetic appreciation.

Thomas Corcoran, '29.

Exchanges

The Exchange-editor is offered a wide field of literary and semi-literary criticism. To sort carefully and gauge accurately the mass of material offered by the various periodicals coming under his observation is a task, the labor of which is amply repaid by the splendid opportunities which this work affords. The matter, breathing college life and achievement, seldom lacks interest. It is a better record of the student's achievement than the quarterly report. It represents, moreover, near-future literary tendencies, still in embryo. In scanning this

matter the Exchange-editor may put on the rose-colored glasses and lavish praise profusely—encouraging and deceptive for the recipient, but worthless to him; he may look through a smoked monocle and then tear up indiscriminately the wheat with the cockle—interesting, indeed, for the editor, infuriating and disheartening for the recipient, and useless in general; or he may read through a good pair of clear spectacles, procured from the oculist of fair, honest criticism—both useful and interesting for all concerned. We have endeavored to adjust our optics according to this last method.

Several times we have been tempted to try our hand at a comparative analysis of our exchanges. This plan has been occasionally attempted, with little success, we believe. The distinct peculiarities of each periodical forbid such comparison. We have consequently adhered to individual review.

That our exchange department during this first year of the Collegian's revival was in a state of experiment is plainly evident. The editor was obliged to strike out into an entirely new field. The difficulty of the task was in great measure obviated by a study of the exchange departments of other school papers and particularly by the invaluable suggestions and counsel of the Collegian Faculty Director.

The departing editor feels that under the skilled hands of his successors for 28-29, the Collegian's exchange will be one of its outstanding features.

A final word of gratitude is in place to all the friends we have made during this year. May they all greet the Collegian again next September and bring new ones along!

Black and Red, Northwestern College, Watertown, Wisconsin.

Blue and Gold, Marist College, Atlanta Georgia.

Blue and White, Catholic Central High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Burr, Catholic High School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Campionette, Campion Preparatory School, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

Centric, Catholic Central High School, Toledo, Ohio.

Chronicle, Wright High School, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Dial, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas.

Echo, Catholic Central High School, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Echo, Wilson High School, Easton, Pennsylvania.

Gonzaga Bulletin, Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington.

Gonzaga Quarterly, Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington.

Gothic, Seminarians of the Sacred Heart, Detroit, Michigan.

Hour Glass, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas.

Life, Vermont Academy, Saxton Rivers, Vermont.

Loyola Quarterly, Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois.

Loyola News, Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois.

Marian, St. Mary's High School, Columbus, Ohio.

Marymount College Sunflower, Salina, Kansas.

Marywood College Bay Leaf, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Merlini Mission Harbinger, St. Mary's Preparatory Seminary, Burkettsville, Ohio.

Mother Seton Journal, Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio.

Nazarene, Nazareth College, Nazareth, Michigan.

Notre Dame News, Notre Dame College, Cleveland, Ohio.

Old Gold and Purple, Warren Easton Boys' High School, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Olivia, Academy of the Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Indiana.

Periscope, Subiaco College, Subiaco, Arkansas.

Purple and White, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario.

Rensselaerien, Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, Indiana.

Sigma, Spalding Institute, Peoria, Illinois.

St. Joseph's Gleaner, St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois.

Tattler, Decatur Catholic High School, Decatur, Indiana.

University of Dayton Exponent, Dayton, Ohio.

Tower, St. Lawrence College, Mt. Calvary, Wisconsin.

Wag, Routt College, Jacksonville, Illinois.

Locals

Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. William Sullivan, Crawfordsville, Ind.; the Rev. Lionel Pire, C. PP. S., Carthagen, Ohio; the Rev. Leo Sponar, C. PP. S., Carthagen, Ohio; the Rev. Albert Fate, Shelbyville, Ohio; Mr. Leo Beck, Akron, Ohio; the Rev. Stanislaus Neiburg, C. PP. S., Rensselaer, Ind.; the Rev. James Conway, East Chicago, Ind.; the Rev. Edward Vurpillat, East Chicago, Ind.; the Rev. Fred Rothermel, Reynolds, Ind.; the Rev. George Lambert, Martinton, Ill.; the Rev. Joseph

Sailer, Barthold, North Dakota; the Rev. Benno Holler, C. PP. S., Pulaski, Ind.; the Rev. Arnold Weymann, C. PP. S., Murray City, Ohio. During his student days at St. Joseph's, Father Weymann was editor of the Collegian, and later as priest was associated with the college magazine as director.

The annual Conroy Oratorical Contest occupied the evening of Ascension Day. It is to be regretted that the donor of the prizes, the Rev. Thomas M. Conroy of Ft. Wayne could not be present. Mr. M. Leopold of Rensselaer presided and introduced the young disciples of Demosthenes in a clever and capable manner. Keen competition was evidenced among the honored contestants who were: Edward Siegman, Joseph Norton, Robert Koch, Caspar Heilmann, Edward Charek, Cornelius Heringhaus, Roman Lochotzki, and Joseph Hartmann. After the fourth oration a musical number furnished some variety for the audience. While the judges, Mr. William Traub, Mr. C. J. Dean, and Mr. E. M. LaRue, all of Rensselaer, conferred, a number of selections were played by students of the music department, Kenneth Moore's violin solo being proclaimed by the spectators as the best number and a fitting climax to the musical program. The arbiters decided in favor of Edward Charek who delivered the oration entitled: "The Silver Lining in the Cloud of War." Second place was awarded to Robert Koch whose selection capably dealt with the settlement of the war debt. In another department of this issue of the Collegian the first two winning orations are printed. A piece treating of the present plans for international peace given by Joseph Hartmann was selected for third place. The oration first in merit is awarded a gold medal, while the next two in order will receive each

a five dollar gold piece. Following the contest the Sixth Class were hosts to the judges, the chairman, and the members of the Faculty who teach the regular branches of Sixth class work, at a luncheon which was a successful and pleasant affair.

With heartfelt sorrow did the students greet Raymond and Edmund Guillozet on their return from a sad event, the death of their beloved mother. The Collegian feels that it voices the sentiment of the institution in offering profound sympathy to the bereaved ones. Let us continue to offer prayers in behalf of a mother who so lovingly and faithfully fulfilled her mission on earth.

An instructive two-reel movie from the Science department giving the details of the fabrication of copper preceded the screening of the picture: "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," starring Richard Barthelmess as well as Mollie O'Day. A very fortunate waif, indeed, was Mr. Barthelmess being adopted into the luxurious home of a hospitable Kentuckian. The plot of the story was pictured in the beautiful mountains near Frankfort, Kentucky, at about the time of the Civil War. To tell but half the truth is to say that both filming and acting were executed with great pains in regard to details.

Since the College Band has commenced giving outdoor concerts, Sunday evenings have taken on a livelier aspect. There has been something more than just a study period to while away the time. Ever since the weather man became so kind as to give us pleasant evenings the band has appeared promptly at seven o'clock to play until the bell calling the students to studies sounded at eight. With Professor

Paul C. Tonner as a very successful director the organization has rendered intricate and difficult numbers with as much ease as may be noted in more elementary selections. Vocal solos were, indeed, an innovation which enriched the programs to a noticeable extent. When James Stapleton sang, "A Four Leaf Clover," the crowd was particularly thrilled. Professor Tonner as well as the boys who compose the Band are to be complimented on the high standards of musical art which they, through their generous work and their consistent efforts, have maintained.

The results of the Alumni Essay Contest were made known on May 26 when the essays were opened in the presence of the contestants. This year's contest with more than thirty entries, marks the largest contest in recent years, and augurs well for successful contests in the future. The essay of Joseph Hartmann on "The Relation of Chemistry to Health and Disease," won first prize, while "An Irish Story Teller," by Cornelius Flynn, merited second place. "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries," by Carl Nieset, and "Wordsworth, Poet and Genius" by Joseph Schill were tie for third honors.

An interesting and delightful program of activities has been outlined for Commencement Day. Numerous guests will arrive on Tuesday, June 12, while many others will come on the following day. On Wednesday afternoon at two-thirty o'clock an organ recital by Professor Tonner and organ students at St. Joseph's College will be held in the chapel. Selections manifesting mastery of the difficult technique of a large organ will be coupled with lighter numbers. Since organ recitals have been

discontinued for several years, and also because of the high grade renditions which will take place, this program will undoubtedly be interesting to students and visitors alike. The chief event of the afternoon of this day will be the coming of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Ft. Wayne who will grace the remainder of the festivities with his kind presence. The last outdoor band concert of the year will take place at four o'clock on the same day. The concert will naturally remain the center of attraction throughout the evening, although the dignity of the graduating class will be somewhat enhanced at this time since they will don their flowing gowns and academic caps. The salutatory address will precede the class play in the evening. The evening's entertainment, a farce comedy entitled "A Pair of Sixes," will keep everyone in good cheer and will likewise draw to a close the activities of the Columbian Literary Society for the year '27 and '28.

At eight o'clock Thursday morning when all are assembled in the auditorium, the orchestra will play the splendid overture, "Ruy Blas." This selection is one of the most powerful pieces that was played by the College orchestra in recent years. Just as this number will bring the very successful work of the music department to a final climax, so also will it open the last activities of the class of '28. The Rev. Thomas J. Travers will deliver the baccalaureate address, after which the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Ft. Wayne, John F. Noll, D. D., will award the diplomas and medals. The closing numbers of the exercises will be in order when a member of the graduating class will deliver the Valedictory address. In conclusion the college song, which has not been heard in the local auditorium for three years, will be sung with orchestral accompaniment. At this

time something akin to confusion will be noticeable, and with good reason, for school will have closed. The graduating class will have arrived at that regrettable moment when they will find it necessary to say farewells to their fellow students and to do their best to thank the men who have labored so ardently for their interest, in words which are well meant, but seem at the time to be insufficient.

Alumni Notes

In consequence of the high standard of musicianship maintained by the music department of St. Joseph's, a number of capable exponents of the "divine art" are to be found among the Alumni. As a pianist and organist, Arthur Dunn distinguished himself during his student career at the college. Since his graduation Mr. Dunn's line of endeavor has been chiefly musical. He has filled several temporary positions as theatre organist in and around Chicago. At present Mr. Dunn is studying organ under the famous virtuoso, Meddelshulte, the great outstanding concert organist of the country.

With the close of the scholastic year of '27 and '28, a number of graduates of St. Joseph's College realized the culmination of long and difficult years of curricular labor in their ordination to that exalted state, the holy priesthood. George Spaeth, Julian Voskuhl, and Frederick Fehrenbacher completed their studies at St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio. At Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, Peter Werner, Lawrence Reilly, Joseph Hennes, Urban Koenig, and Leo Breitenbach have finished their course. Paul Greenwell is the sole Alumnus to be

ordained from Kenrick Seminary, Webster Grove, Missouri.

Many of the graduates of recent years, particularly those of '27 and '28, plan to be present at St. Joseph's for the commencement exercises. Scholastic pursuits prevented them from making their appearance on Homecoming Day. Since they come to renew old friendships and acquaintances as well as to recall happy memories, a hearty welcome is assured them.

Societies

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The good ship, C. L. S., which set out on its annual voyage last September has proved itself a seaworthy vessel. At times the prow serenely plied the carressing waters of popular approval with the sun of dramatic success shedding its friendly rays upon the scene. Again the storms of adversity, with their destructive flashes of error and their re-echoing thunders of criticism, threatened to crush the bark and to send it to the dismal depths of failure. With the passing of the storm, however, the sturdy vessel once more sailed on with a staff of able officers to guide its every move, and with a willing crew to respond to its every demand.

Upon the map of society annals the course of the ship is marked out by the program of October 11; "A Pair of Sixes;" "Friend Indeed;" the program of February 22; "Stop Thief;" and the program of April 29. The voyage of the Columbian vessel will be completed when the gangplank is let down upon the dock of "A Pair of Sixes." With several months of experience to perfect its efforts, the crew hopes to

effect a perfect landing. There in its temporary abode the ship shall lie at anchor until it is manned by the C. L. S. of '28 and '29.

NEWMAN CLUB

The scholastic year of '27 and '28 goes down in Newman Club annals as a period of singular accomplishment. While the Newmanites have to their credit two public programs of undoubted merit, the program of December 7, and "Never Touched Me," they also absorbed many valuable lessons in dramatic and parliamentary experience. The publication of the "Newmanear" is but another indication of the Newmans' energetic aspirations. Enthusiasm and determination have characterized their every endeavor. This laudable spirit has blossomed into the fruit of unprecedented achievement. The Newmanites have indeed set a high standard of dramatic performance, the maintenance of which will require the very best efforts of those who hope to join the ranks of the Newman Club in succeeding years. With the meeting of May 13, the year's work was officially brought to a close.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

That the Dwengerites have advanced during the present school year by rapid strides toward the successful formation of a perfect Unit is the conviction of every member. In harmony with the fundamental purpose of the organization, home and foreign missions have benefited both spiritually and materially. With the communion intentions to lend spiritual succor, numerous sums of varying quantity have been appropriated in response to demands from indigent localities and institutions. The secondary purpose of creating interest in missionary activities has also realized marked fulfillment, for the mission

spirit of this large Unit is unquestionably enthusiastic.. Castle builders elected recently by the society are: Michael Walz, Bela Szmeko, Joseph Reitz, Louis Huffman, Joseph Sheeran, and Joseph Schill. The peppy final meeting of May 29 was followed by a very appropriate three act play entitled "The Spirit of the River." The effectiveness of the actors' efforts, under the direction of Father Rufus Esser, fascinated the audience throughout the performance. The very strangeness of the scenes enacted, in which the musical accompaniment was no small factor, proved most interesting. The participants deserve high praise for their very laudable dramatic characterizations.

Cast of Characters

Casper, a secretary -----	Cletus Kern
R. W. Haskell, a financier -----	John Eby
Jack Haskell, his son -----	Joseph Sheeran
Quong How, a Chinese merchant ----	Stephen Tatar
Quong Moy, his son -----	Casper Davis
A servant -----	Edmund Binsfeld

RALEIGH CLUB

The Raleigh Club of '27 and '28 boasts the largest enrollment of many years. The size of the organization, however, has not in any way impaired its unity or its spirit of good fellowship. In fact that unity and spirit found a stimulus in the splendid adjunct of initiates who were honored with the envied title of full-fledged members at the colorful sessional ordeals. To posterity, the Club of '27 and '28 has left a memorial in the Raleigh Club Banner that was designed and purchased in the course of the year. The graduates will depart with a host of pleasant reminiscences. The many pleasant "halcs," rendered even more pleasurable by an atmosphere of piano

and victrola music, and by the diversional chess, cards, checkers, etc., as well as by the peppy monthly meetings, featured by interesting programs, are memories not easy to be effaced.

Athletics

ST. JOE JUNIORS HUMBLE CRAWFORDSVILLE

Ascension Day saw the Crawfordsville Juniors invade St. Joe to win, if possible, from the All-Junior team of St. Joe. Their hopes of victory, however, were soon brought to naught, because in the first inning, the St. Joe Juniors pushed six runs over the plate and from then on continued to add more tallies until the eighteen mark had been reached. Despite the defeat, however, the Crawfordsville boys with seven runs to their credit played good baseball, but could not stop the hitting and scoring rampage of the St. Joe lads. Senzig and Kreinbrink, two veterans of last year's Junior team aided greatly in avenging a defeat of a year's standing.

FIFTHS—SENIOR CHAMPS

	W.	L.	Pct.
Fifths -----	4	0	1000
Fourths -----	3	1	750
Sixths -----	2	2	500
Thirds -----	1	3	250
Seconds -----	0	4	000

Sixths 3—Thirds 1. In an interesting and hard fought game, the Sixths triumphed over the scrappy Thirds, 3 to 1. Connor, pitching for the Sixths, was in good shape allowing but two hits. For the Thirds, Martin at first and Tatar at third, played good games.

Fifths 22—Seconds 5. The Fifths swamped the lowly Seconds with a deluge of hits and runs, piling up a score of 22 to 5. With six hits out of six trips to the plate to his credit, Barge was the outstanding hitter of the day. Home runs by Hartke, Corcoran, and Leiker furnished some thrillers for the rooters.

Fourth 9—Thirds 0. With Sal Dreiling allowing but two hits, the Fourths had easy sailing when they defeated the Thirds 9 to 0. Herod and Freund of the winners showed up in good form, while Sheeran and Kienly of the Thirds played good games.

Fifths 4—Sixths 3. With both teams determined to win, the Fifths and Sixths battled for an hour and a half to decide the championship of the Senior circuit. After the score had been tied in the sixth inning by the Sixths, the Fifths shoved the winning run over the plate in the seventh frame of the game.

Thirds 5—Seconds 0. The Thirds escaped the cellar position by defeating the Seconds 5 to 0. Collecting several hits from Cardinali in the opening innings, the Thirds shoved five runs over the plate, and then proceeded to take life easy, holding the Seconds to four hits and no runs.

Fourth 9—Sixths 0. The final game of the Senior League was snatched by the Fourths, 9 to 0. The victory put them in second place. For the Fourths, Weigel and Van Oss starred, while Connor twirled in good fashion for the Sixths.

FOURTHS AC CHAMPIONS

	W.	L.	Pct.
Fourths -----	3	0	1000
Thirds -----	2	1	666
Fifths -----	1	2	333
Seconds -----	0	3	000

Fifths 12—Seconds 9. In a long, drawn-out game, the Fifths managed to win from the Seconds 12 to 9. C. Flynn and Knapke of the winners did good work at bat. For the Seconds, Byrne and Becker played good games in the field.

Fourths 22—Thirds 12. The Fourths handed the Thirds a humiliating defeat when they walloped them, 22 to 12. Numerous errors accounted for most of the runs, although W. Dreiling issued several free passes in the opening innings of the game.

Thirds 8—Seconds 2. After being defeated by the Fourths, the Thirds came to life and won from the Seconds, 8 to 2. Wuest, hurling for the Thirds, was in midseason form, allowing but two hits. For the Seconds, Follmar did good work.

Fourths 16—Fifths 3. With Uhrich pitching airtight ball, the Fourths proceeded to wallop the Fifths, 16 to 3. Kraus and Olberding wielded the old willow stick like veterans, while Nolan and O. Missler did good work for the Fifths.

Thirds 10—Fifths 9. The Fifths and Thirds staged the best game in the 1928 Ac circuit, when the Thirds nosed out the Fifths, 10 to 9. In the final inning of the game, Shaw poled a triple and came in on a passed ball for the winning run.

Fourths 11—Seconds 3. Running in eight runs in the opening inning of the game, the Fourths had little difficulty in trouncing the Seconds 11 to 3. This game cinched the pennant for the Fourths. Beirman and Junk played good games for the winners, while Zureich and Novak performed in good fashion for the Seconds.

COLONELS TAKE JUNIOR PENNANT

	W.	L.	Pct.
Colonels -----	3	1	750
Sluggers -----	2	2	500
Badgers -----	2	2	500
Majors -----	2	2	500
College Boosters -----	1	3	250

Badgers 13—Majors 10. With I. Vichuras pitching air-tight ball, the Badgers won from the Majors 13 to 10. Sandzik and Greenwell of the losers put up a good fight to avert defeat, but their efforts were fruitless. For the winners, Joe Maloney, and Jansen played good games.

Colonels 5—College Boosters 2. The Colonels started on their race to first place by defeating the hard playing College Boosters, 5 to 2. With Rieman and Partee swinging a mean bat, the Colonels poled out several hits which drove in the necessary runs.

Majors 8—Sluggers 4. Due to numerous free trips to first and several errors made by the Sluggers, the Majors had little difficulty in winning, 8 to 4. Frechette, twirling for the losers, was not in his regular form, issuing five walks in the first inning.

Badgers 11—College Boosters 4. The Badgers ended their season by defeating the College Boosters, 11 to 4. Coach Duray of the Boosters used three pitchers, endeavoring to stop the rampage of hits made by the Badgers. The Badgers, however, could not be stopped and sailed through to victory.

Colonels 16—Sluggers 4. In a decidedly one-sided game, the Colonels defeated the Sluggers, 16 to 4, thereby copping the Junior pennant. Pete Senzig, pitcher for the Colonels, allowed but four hits, while his teammates backed him at bat and in the field. For the losers, Derry and Pax played good games.

Free Air---Hot and Otherwise

Aesop's Latest Fable: "But think of the expense to the taxpayer," cried the politician.

"Now, lad, ye must remember to take longer steps since ye have your new boots on," said the Highland father to his son.

Be careful! Do not mistake applesauce for applause.

Waiter: "Do you men wish some more meat?"
Koch: "No, we don't. How about you, Lauer?"

Landscape? O yes, that's the stuff which is hidden behind billboards.

Ezra: "I'd like to see one of your new cars."
Salesman: "Six or eight?"
Ezra: "No, no, just one today."

Beware! Do not mistake stubbornness for firm resolution.

Greenwell, H.: "Why is a Scotchman buried on the side of a hill?"
Brown, C.: "I'll bite. Why?"
Greenwell, H.: "Because he's dead."

Baron: "I'd like to have an opportunity to show the world what I can do with my voice."

Stapleton: "Just stick around old top, there'll be a fire sometime."

"Mother, how do you spell 'cocoon?' "

"Don't stutter, Johnny, say colored man."

"Here is a letter for you with a black border."

"Oh, my poor brother is dead."

"How do you know? You have not read it."

"Why it's his handwriting."

Lauer: "That's funny."

Heringhaus: "What?"

Lauer: "Oh nothing. I was just thinking."

Heringhaus: "Well that is funny indeed."

Boss: "Did you collect that money?"

Clerk: "No sir, he kicked me down a flight of stairs and said if I ever came back he'd break my neck."

Boss: "You go back and get that bill, I'll show him he can't scare me."

Judge: "On what grounds do you wish to obtain a divorce?"

Husband: "Vanity, your honor, my wife sits before a mirror for hours at a time admiring herself."

Judge: "That's not vanity, that's imagination."

Huzvar: "This tonic is no good."

Infirmary: "What's the matter with it?"

Huzvar: "All the directions it gives are for adults and I never had them."

After giving a lesson in verbal moods a teacher asked the class: "Let the cow go into the stable, what mood?" Little Cyril answered: "The cow."

WHOSE CAR?

When it's just been washed—Mother's. When it's just been overhauled—Son's. When there's a dance on—Daughter's. When it needs repairs, fresh paint, five new tires and a tank full of gas—Dad's.

We need but one more record now and that is a non-stop typewriting record.

Lady (in department store): "I want something in oil for the dining room."

Clerk: "Landscape, or a tin of sardines?"

"I'll write finis to this chapter," said the T. N. T. under the fraternity house.

New Passenger: "How is the food on this ship?"

Old Timer: "Fine, six meals a day. Three up and three down."

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